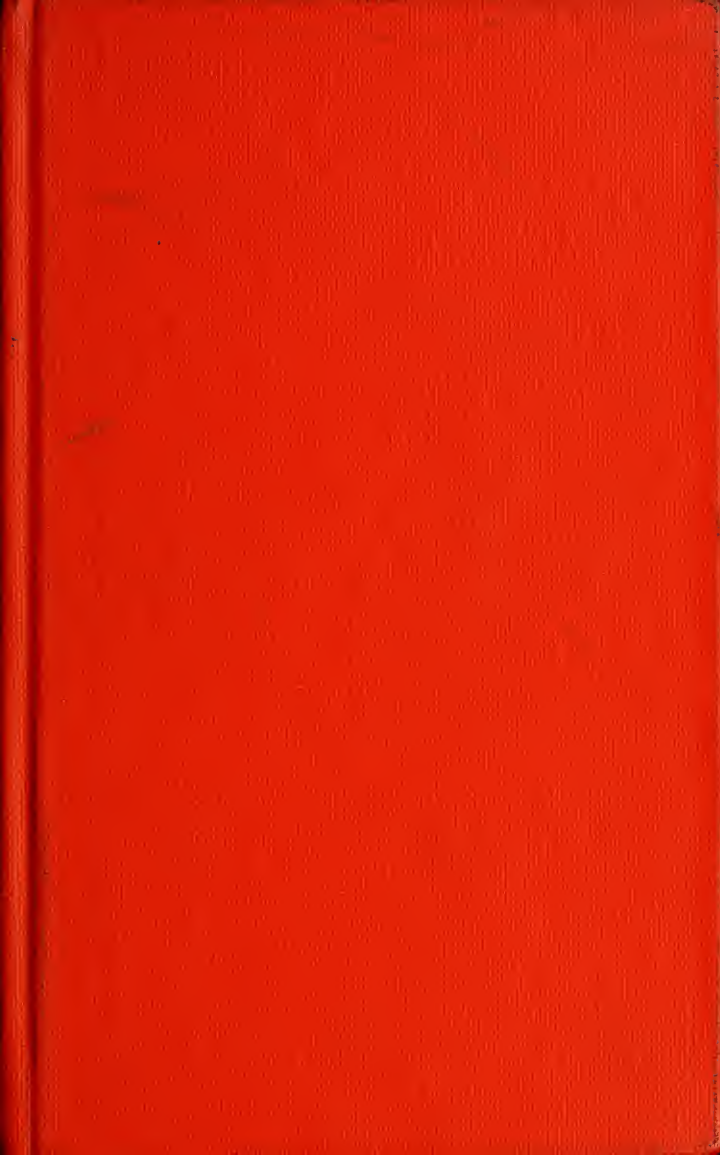




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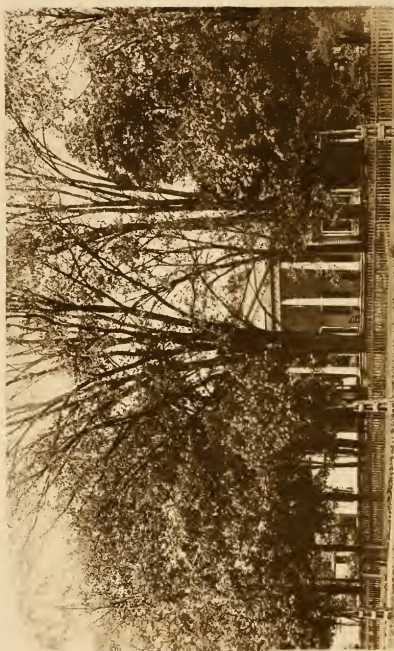




# GOLDEN LIVES







# GOLDEN LIVES

A Memoir of

CHARLES

AND

KATHERINE ROCHESTER SHEPARD



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## GOLDEN LIVES

ON the evening of October the seventh, eighteen hundred ninety-six, in the village of Dansville, New York, occurred an event still held in loving memory by some of those present,—the celebration of the Golden Wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shepard. The occasion not only recalled their sons and the one grandson from their distant home on the Pacific coast, but also brought together a number of relatives, as well as old and valued friends of many years' constant intercourse.

The guests bidden being limited to those whose presence was especially desired by reason of real friendship or old association, the spirit of the gathering was one of unusual enjoyment and unanimity of feeling. All sincerely participated in the happiness of their dear and honored hosts. The stately old Colonial house, suitably decorated by loving hands, the rich and beautiful gifts, the glad faces of rejoicing friends,—these were but the appropriate background for the gracious and kindly presence of those who had reached a milestone in life's journey granted to few

avored ones. Though past the allotted three-score years and ten, both possessed a brightness and energy of mind and spirit and a breadth of interest in life not often found in those treading the westward slope. One dear friend afterwards spoke feelingly of the beautiful picture they presented. She had been particularly impressed, not so much as they stood together, surrounded by their children and giving cordial welcome to their guests, as when, at the close of the evening, they, with their family and closest friends, had repaired to the dining-room for refreshment. In arm-chairs at the head of the room were seated, side by side, the bride and groom of fifty years since. How handsome they looked, and how young and happy! The years had passed lightly over their heads, and upon their faces was the sure record of lives nobly and lovingly lived. The scene was the fitting climax of the many graceful hospitalities of that home.



Integer vitae scelerisque purus

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Justum et tenacem propositi virum





## CHARLES SHEPARD

CHARLES SHEPARD was of Puritan descent. On both sides, his ancestors were men of substantial landed or business interests, prominent and influential in the communities with which they were identified. Ralph Shepard, the earliest American ancestor of the name, migrated from London to Massachusetts Bay in 1635, and "did his share in promoting the growth and prosperity of not a few of her towns." He passed his last years in Concord, Massachusetts, but was buried in Malden, a former home, where a quaintly carved tombstone is still to be found recording his death in 1693, at the age of ninety years.

Ralph Shepard's grandson, Samuel, was one of the founders of Plainfield, Connecticut, and there in 1780 was born Samuel's great-grandson Joshua, one of a family of twelve children. In connection with their father, Jesse Shepard, a remarkable story is related. It is said that when he went to the Revolutionary War his sheep were sheared and the wool spun into yarn and knitted into stockings for his use, all within the space of two days.

In 1814, when Western New York was a wilderness, Joshua Shepard settled in the frontier hamlet of Dansville, residing there till his death in 1829. He speedily acquired considerable land and also established a prosperous mercantile business, carrying on his large farm at the same time. In February, 1817, he married Miss Elizabeth Hurlbut of Arkport. Mr. Shepard's business interests necessitated frequent journeys to New York and Albany in days when traveling was both slow and difficult, — by stage over rough or muddy roads, and down the Hudson in the wonderful new steamboats.

An old book, published in 1844, entitled "Miniature of Dansville Village," gives an interesting estimate of Joshua Shepard's character. The author says: "Mr. Shepard was a methodic, straightforward business man, who counseled his customers soundly regarding their purchases; they still speak of him with much respect and deference. Mr. Shepard, as a business man and as an honest merchant, had few equals. He deserved his property."

Charles Shepard's maternal ancestors were of equally sturdy Puritan New England stock. Thomas Hurlbut came to this country about 1635, and settled near Saybrook, Connecti-

cut, in which neighborhood the family resided for almost a hundred and fifty years. For gallant and meritorious service in the Pequot War, he was commissioned a lieutenant and granted a tract of land in the town of Wethersfield, Connecticut.

Early in January, 1776, Deacon John Hurlbut, then a member of the Connecticut Legislature, came home and told his wife that Congress had called for more men, and he did not know where they were to be had; to which this Spartan mother replied, "We have two sons, Christopher and John, old enough to go." The method of preparation for service was indeed heroic. Smallpox then being the great scourge and terror of camp-life and vaccination being yet unknown, the boys were at once inoculated with the disease, that they might have it under the most favorable circumstances. Upon recovery, thus armed against disaster, they joined Washington's army and served honorably throughout the difficult and discouraging campaign around New York, Washington's masterly retreat across New Jersey, and the battles of Trenton and Princeton. In these battles the men were on arduous duty for from thirty-six to forty consecutive hours.

In 1778 the elder John Hurlbut sold his place in Connecticut and bought several hundred acres of land in the fertile Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. The long train of wagons and cattle wound slowly westward until forced, by sickness in the camp, to halt. This delay saved the party from the famous Wyoming Massacre, which took place in July of that year. Not long afterward young Christopher Hurlbut settled in the neighborhood of Wilkes Barre, in which place he practiced law for several years. He was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by Governor Mifflin of Pennsylvania. He also did a vast amount of surveying in all that region.

During the year 1796 Judge Hurlbut explored the country as far north as Lake Ontario. Much pleased with the promise of the Canisteo Valley, he there selected a site for his future home and for a saw-mill which he afterwards built. The reason for his choice of the spot was that, being at the head of navigation of the rivers tributary to the Susquehanna, an easy means of sending lumber, grain, and other farm products to the Baltimore market was thus afforded. Therefore he named the place Arkport. The founding of the city of Rochester, a few years later, in great measure disappointed this expectation,

by making the Genesee River the highway, and Rochester the nearest market for the entire district.

In the spring of 1797 Judge Hurlbut moved his family to Arkport, among them being Elizabeth, the future mother of Charles Shepard, then a child six years of age. They were soon joined by a few companions who had faith in the judgment of their old friend and neighbor. Their experiences were those of most pioneer communities in that early day. Indians, bears, wolves, and panthers were not uncommon sights. Slowly the wilderness was subdued, and in time life lost many of its sterner features.

Two characteristics marked the pioneers of Arkport as people of sterling worth, — their love of literature and their religious steadfastness. In the heart of the forest, far removed from stirring scenes and stimulating influences, these busy men and women fed their minds on the great English classics. Their few books were read and re-read, some of them being in great part committed to memory. Mrs. Elizabeth Shepard, whose treasures of memory throughout life were the wonder and admiration of her friends, used to tell her children how she and her sisters, while engaged in spinning, would store their

minds with the thoughts of the poets of a hundred years or more ago. Walking back and forth in pursuance of their task, with an occasional glance at the book, the words of Cowper, Scott, Pope, and many another were made absolutely their own. The same was true of the Bible. Long years afterward, during her last illness, Mrs. Shepard requested her youngest granddaughter to read to her from the Bible. "Where shall I read, grandma?" asked the child. "Anywhere," was the reply, "anywhere except the Psalms. I know *all* those."

For over half a century the people of this community were too few to build a house of worship and maintain a pastor. During that period it was their weekly custom to attend service at the Presbyterian Church in the village of Almond, nine miles distant. As often as the Lord's Day came round was to be seen the procession of vehicles wending the long road to church. 'Mid summer's heat and winter's cold they went, over muddy roads or through deep drifts. For many years the building was unheated in winter, for this was before the days of stoves. Foot-stoves kept the women's and children's feet from freezing during the long sermon, and the men sat with heavy overcoats buttoned to the chin. These

near descendants of English Puritans and Scotch Covenanters were not to be deterred by mere inconveniences of distance or weather from assembling to worship God.

Such were Charles Shepard's forbears, — men and women of courage, of fortitude, of conspicuous integrity, and of sterling piety. The foundation of the high sense of honor and scrupulous fidelity to trust which so distinguished their descendant was laid in the upright lives of these vigorous ancestors, — lives of quiet steadfastness to lofty ideals.

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CHARLES SHEPARD, the eldest child and only son of Joshua and Elizabeth Hurlbut Shepard, was born in Dansville, New York, on the 15th of March, 1818, and died in Seattle, Washington, on the 7th of September, 1899. Leading a quiet, unobtrusive life and not widely known beyond Western New York, he was yet an interesting and instructive character. All his life Dansville was his home, except during a few years of boyhood, when his widowed mother moved to Canandaigua — then the nearest seat of anything higher than a common school — to educate her children, and the last year of his life, which he

with his wife and daughter spent in Seattle, where his sons reside.

Returning to his native place at the close of the years devoted to his academic education, Mr. Shepard read law in the office of the late Judge Isaac L. Endress of Dansville, where he is said to have become remarkably proficient as a legal draughtsman; but he never practiced law. The management of the family's and his own property, the duties of local agent for several of the older and leading fire insurance companies for many years, — extending to forty-five years for the *Ætna* and nearly as long for the Home Insurance Company of New York — and the discharge of public trusts or commissions of a non-political nature on a number of occasions, filled a large part of his active life. In his earlier manhood, although never holding important public office, he took an active part in politics, being a most ardent supporter of Henry Clay, and enjoying that great statesman's personal acquaintance. Among his reminiscences of those times was an account he used to give of hearing short speeches by Webster, Clay, and Calhoun in the United States Senate, all on the same day, — March 8, 1850, — the day after Webster's famous speech which so alienated his anti-slavery adherents.

Mr. Shepard was one of the earliest, warmest, and most energetic advocates of a railroad to Dansville, and was the president of the Erie & Genesee Valley Railroad Company from its organization and for many years. Its line from Dansville to Geneseo was built, not under contract, but by the company under his personal oversight, within the estimates, and at the remarkably low cost, even for a level line, of three thousand dollars a mile for the roadbed. When the movement for a seminary at Dansville took shape, he was the building committee and erected a substantial and worthy building at low cost. In these and minor instances, whenever he was called upon to aid or promote public interests, by purse or personal service, he illustrated the idea that not only political office, but the time and means of the citizen constitute a public trust to be used in due measure for the public good.

In 1846 Mr. Shepard married Miss Katherine Rochester Colman, a granddaughter of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester, the founder of the beautiful city of that name, who had also at an earlier date been a resident of Dansville contemporary with Joshua Shepard. Colonel Rochester built the original mill on the site of Readshaw's old mill, and an ancient stone

structure now standing opposite it on the east side of Main Street, Dansville, was a part of his house. It is probably the oldest building there; and Mr. Shepard's home, at the corner of Main and Perine streets, built by his father in 1823, is — except one or two — the oldest complete and inhabited house in the village.

The keynote of Charles Shepard's character, both morally and mentally, was truth. By this is not meant simply the trait of verbal truthfulness — the virtue of not lying, valuable though that is — but the subtler and deeper quality of innate fidelity to realities. He was the soul of honor, and would not countenance the shadow of a subterfuge or of a divided interest whereout he or any one could draw a private benefit in any of the public enterprises or constructions he was concerned in. In the same way he was exact and just almost to a fault in dealing with employees and tradesmen. He abhorred shams and pretenses in all things and persons. That was what made him so excellent a builder, for he would not stand any of the hollow frauds, the fair deceitful shows that hide faulty and dangerous constructions of a certain kind of buildings. And in this way his work as a builder was typical of himself. His acts, opinions, and words might be right or wrong, but

they were the same inside as out — they showed for what they were, and they were what they showed.

Without the Puritan's narrow religiosity, he had inherited his strict morality and somewhat of his intolerance of other standards or no standards. He had nothing of the easy acquiescence, the more cosmopolitan temper which, while living by a correct enough rule itself, is not greatly concerned at the moral laxity of others. And one saw something of the stern old Roman in him too, when in vehement outbursts he would pour out his hot indignation on the frauds and wrongs from which individuals or the community or the nation suffered. His hatred of sham went so far as to make him suspicious or cynical toward acts or courses which, proper enough within due limits, might degenerate into self-seeking humbug. But this was only the defect of his quality; and something must be forgiven to one of a generation to which Carlyle had preached a holy war against the Devil of Cant and Sham.

The mental equivalent of moral veracity is accuracy, and Charles Shepard had a most accurate mind. Nature had endowed him with a remarkable memory, — quick, tenacious, ready. In a school contest he once

learned in one day the Latin text of one entire book — about eight hundred lines — of Virgil by heart. His mother was almost as remarkable. It was very interesting to hear this bright old lady recite to her grandchildren long passages from the English “classics” — the classics which nobody now reads. She was brought up in a frontier forest, where Indian trails were the roads; but she fed on Pope, Dryden, Scott, Cowper, Milton, Shakespeare, the Spectator, the Bible — the best prose and the best poetry ever written in the English tongue. So her son came naturally by his memory. But such powers, however striking as proofs of the stretch of the human mind, are of little worth to the possessor or to others unless put to good use. A vast warehouse may be filled with rubbish as well as with costly silks.

Mr. Shepard had, however, not only a capacious but a well-stored mind. Like his mother, he had drunk of all the “wells of English undefiled.” He retained through his life a cultivated love of the ancient classics and the literature sprung from them. He was, too, very fond of the modern romantic literature in fiction and poetry.

A constant and omnivorous reader, except in the fields of science and art, he became

literally a "walking encyclopædia;" and so well assimilated had been his reading that he could turn at will to the page in his memory where any desired facts were inscribed. His knowledge of local history — dates, places, events, and persons — was so full and precise that he was the unappealable resort on mooted points. Never traveling abroad, he had yet roamed over the world in his library and was fond of books of travel. His mind being of the mathematical type, he had a very wide and exact acquaintance with geography, in names, distances, area, population, and even famous buildings of the Old World. Reading seemed to have depicted mental maps or pictures of such spots, so that he was often asked if he had not been in Europe. In the practical branches of knowledge pertaining to finance, transportation, and manufactures, and notably in their statistics, he was well versed; and his sound judgment, as correct in the mart as in the library, made his advice valuable and much sought after.

An exactness in his own mental processes which became impatient with others' vagueness and mistakes and merciless in probing the weak spots of an opponent's logic was saved from declining into pedantry by the salt of humor. Mr. Shepard had a ready wit, a

keen sense of the comic side of life, and an enormous fund of "good stories" and of the humorous in literature, — especially of odd epitaphs and quaint tales picked up in the by-paths of reading; and being a good *raconteur*, his conversation was very entertaining. He was ever ready, without conceit or effort at display, to bring forth from his treasury things both "new and old," both "grave and gay," for recreation, counsel, or instruction, in social converse or deep debate. Such a man, while leaving nothing of permanent record, has not lived in vain, because his noble integrity, his broad and sound scholarship have improved and enlightened his community and left the world better than he found it.

FROM THE DANSVILLE ADVERTISER OF  
SEPTEMBER 14, 1899

A telegram has been received here from Seattle, Washington, stating that Charles Shepard died there on the 7th of September. This was a sad surprise to his old neighbors in Dansville, who about two weeks before had been informed that, although he had received a paralytic stroke which had affected his lower limbs, he seemed to be otherwise nearly as well as usual. The shock was evidently greater

than had been supposed, and too great for the exhausted vitality of his old age to overcome. He had been slowly declining some time before he left Dansville — June 1, 1898 — to go to Seattle and pass his last years with his sons.

Mr. Shepard was a man of uncommon mental gifts and acquirements, and perhaps the most remarkable of these was his comprehensive, tenacious, and accurate memory. They also included a sound practical judgment and a critical acumen regarding public affairs and questions of law and equity and general literature, which made him worth listening to whenever he talked about them. His opinions were but little affected by precedents and authorities, unless there were good reasons back of them, and he was known by his neighbors as a man of independent as well as carefully considered opinions. He had a fine library, and few men were more familiar than he with the great English and American classics, from which his absorbing memory enabled him to quote aptly and extensively when conversation led that way. He had appropriated a great deal of the best historical knowledge; and he was the best authority in town, — the man before all others to go to for local dates, names, and other facts relating to former residents and events,

or for verification when there was doubt about any of them. To such rare intellectual qualities were joined unquestioned honesty in dealing with others and intense dislike of hypocrisies and shams, which sometimes excited him to emphatic outbursts of indignation.

FROM THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER  
OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1899

Mr. Shepard possessed a private library as choice as any other in Seattle, and he was particularly well versed in the by-paths of literature, the rare, the curious, and the antiquarian. He was emphatically a widely read and well-informed man. To the few in this city, outside his immediate family, who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, the accuracy and retentiveness of his memory were a marvel. His literary taste was so correct, and his familiarity with the best thought of every age and country was so complete, that talk with him upon almost any scholarly topic was a pleasure. Yet, to the last, his acquaintance with and interest in economic and political topics were equally exact and acute.

He leaves to his sorrowing family a rich legacy of remembrances of a bountifully stored mind, a disposition kindly, patient, and

generous, and a character whose integrity shone undimmed in every act of his life, — a perfect type of that older school of American gentlemen now too fast passing away.

## A SONNET

TO MY MOTHER

*Proverbs xxxi, 27*

THY "Bible verse" I hold thy truest praise,  
"She looketh well unto her household ways,  
And eateth not the bread of idleness;"  
Albeit this is not all that justice pays,  
Thy due: for thou prolong'st thy precious  
    days  
With gentle, holy teachings, that aye bless  
Thy husband and thine offspring; and not  
    less  
Than love and purity are Wisdom's ways  
Thy soul's delight — that searches for the  
    truth  
And reads it well within the leaves of life  
And in that higher Word: and in thy youth  
Piety gave thy soul its peace from strife  
That ever doth possess it. Yet I own  
Those rarer household virtues are thy crown.

APRIL 20, 1879.





## KATHERINE ROCHESTER COLMAN

**K**ATHERINE ROCHESTER COLMAN, daughter of Dr. Anson Colman and Katherine Kimball Rochester, was born in Rochester, New York, December 27, 1823, a little Christmas child upon whose sweet nature seemed to have been poured the blessed influences of the season of Peace and Good-will. From New England Puritan and Virginia Churchman had been handed down all that was finest, noblest, and most lovable in the two widely differing strains of blood.

James Colman, who, as a boy of eleven, came to this country in 1653, settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, the family's home for nearly a century. Then began (or rather continued) the series of westward migrations which — in at least one branch of the family — has extended even to the Pacific coast. The Colmans of the eighteenth century were essentially *pioneers*. Time and again they left comfortable homes which they had built, and farms which they had improved by years of labor, to penetrate into the wilderness with a few like-minded neighbors, there not only

carving out new and better fortunes for themselves, but also doing their share toward laying deep and broad in this new land the foundations of Anglo-Saxon liberty and Anglo-Saxon piety. One of these pioneer farmers, Job Colman, was a "minute-man" who sprang to arms at the first gun-shot of the Revolution. He also served for a short time later in the war.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century, Samuel Colman, eldest son of the Revolutionary veteran, took his bride to a new home in Central New York, on Stuart's Patent, near Otsego Lake, where they happily and successfully reared a large family. The eldest, Anson, was an earnest student, and early resolved to become a physician. He settled in the then thriving village of Rochester, New York, and on the 8th of September, 1819, married Katherine, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester, founder of the place.

Dr. Colman was a man of much dignity of character, combined with great loveliness of nature, a physician of marked ability and high reputation. Not satisfied with any but the most complete possible equipment for his work, some years after marriage he went to Paris for a year's professional study in the University of France. At another time he spent

a summer in Montreal when a cholera epidemic was raging in that city, that he might make a special study of the disease. He seems to have been a man of advanced thought. He certainly was a beloved physician, one whose skill and friendship were highly valued by hosts of patients. His useful and honorable life was cut short at the age of forty-two, — the result of too unselfish devotion to the welfare of a patient.

The Rochester family is descended from Nicholas Rochester, an English gentleman who came to America in 1689, and purchased a plantation in Westmoreland County, Virginia. Here Nathaniel Rochester was born, February 21, 1752. Growing to manhood in the stirring pre-Revolutionary days, he early identified himself with the patriot party. At the age of twenty-three he was made a member of the Committee of Safety of Orange County, North Carolina, where he then resided, and was also a delegate to the famous Mecklenburg Convention. The following year he was appointed "Deputy Commissary-General of military and other stores in this county for the use of the Continental Army." The arduous duties of the office were prosecuted by him with such zeal and untiring assiduity that the fatigue and exposure in un-

healthy districts soon brought on disease which compelled him to resign, in accordance with medical advice. Returning to his home at Hillsboro', he found that during his absence he had been elected a member of the North Carolina Legislature, one of the earliest legislative bodies of the infant nation.

At the close of the Revolution, Colonel Rochester went to Hagerstown, Maryland, where he successfully carried on varied and extensive manufacturing and mercantile enterprises, and became the first president of the Hagerstown Bank. Throughout life he worthily filled many public offices of trust and honor.

On April 20, 1788, Colonel Rochester was married to Sophia, daughter of Colonel William Beatty of Frederick, Maryland. It was a typical Southern wedding, full of light-hearted rejoicing. Across the intervening century drifts the echo of wedding bells and laughter, while before the mind rises a picture of the brightness, the gayety, the open-handed hospitality, the successive days of nuptial merry-making, the ease and grace and dignity which were the warp and woof of old-time Southern social life. Among the merry groups moves the groom, a man of dignified mien and grave and noble countenance, while

by his side is the youthful bride, resplendent in her "second-day-dress" of pea-green silk with rose-colored silk bodice and train.

During the same year was completed the celebrated Phelps and Gorham Purchase of the lands of the Seneca Indians in Western New York. This threw open to settlement the wonderful Genesee country, of which such glowing descriptions had been spread broadcast by the soldiers returning from Sullivan's raid. In the year 1800 Colonel Rochester, in company with his friends, Colonel Fitzhugh and Major Carroll, visited the Genesee country, where they ultimately purchased the One Hundred Acre Tract at the Falls of the Genesee, the nucleus of the city of Rochester. They also bought extensive lands near the head of the valley, the garden spot of New York State.

As time passed, Colonel Rochester felt that it would be to the interest of his large family of children to grow up in a free rather than in a slaveholding State. Though a slaveholder, as his fathers had been, he disapproved of the system of human bondage, and had never countenanced the breaking up of slave families. This was not merely theory with him, for a grandmother and her descendants constituted his holding of ten slaves. The time

for agitation of the subject had not arrived, but he decided to take his slaves North with him and emancipate them in a free State. That much he could do.

In the spring of 1810, having closed up his business connections in the South, Colonel Rochester, with his large household, started northward. "The departure of the Rochester cavalcade from Hagerstown, Maryland, was a memorable event. It moved slowly through the Main Street, the Colonel's old friends and neighbors lining the way, many weeping as if it were a funeral train. The Colonel and his eldest daughter and his five sons were on horseback, the youngest son, only four years old, upon his pet pony. Behind them were two family carriages, Mrs. Rochester being driven by a young man of good family who had asked the privilege. Following were three heavy wagons loaded with blacks and luggage, four horses to each wagon. It was a picturesque procession, recalling, no doubt, to some of the spectators the going forth of Abram of old to build a city in a strange land, for the Genesee country was far away, and the route of the cavalcade lay through the wilderness and over the mountains."

Colonel Rochester first settled upon his lands at Dansville, near the head of the valley, not taking up his residence at Falls Town (as Rochester was first called) till 1818, when his property there began to require his constant personal supervision. At Dansville he built a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and a paper-mill. He also gave the village the land for a burying-ground and for a large public square, — the present “Central Park” of the place.

It was in the year following the removal of the family to Rochester that Dr. Colman and Miss Katherine Rochester were married.

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**K**ITTY COLMAN, as she was known to her intimates throughout life, was a winsome little maiden, merry and light-hearted, gentle, obedient, and affectionate. Under the wise and loving guidance of her parents, her nature symmetrically unfolded in strength and beauty. By the untimely death of both mother and father, she early learned the lessons of sorrow, being orphaned in her fourteenth year. Dr. Colman's will left her to the guardianship of her uncle, the Hon. Henry E. Rochester, in whose family she made her home until marriage.

Many are the testimonies of Kitty Colman's unusual beauty of person and loveliness of character as she grew into young womanhood. Cousins who last saw her more than sixty years ago still speak admiringly of her attractiveness at this time. A petite and graceful figure, soft, shining locks of chestnut-brown, gray-blue eyes, merry yet tender, a surpassingly perfect complexion, and a mouth expressive of the sweetness of disposition which ruled within, — this was the Kitty Colman who was one of the belles of Rochester society in the early forties.

The social life of the little city at this time must have been most charming, — gay, distinguished, courtly. The spirit of Revolutionary and Colonial parents and grandparents was still a living force. The entertainments given in the stately mansions, set in the midst of ample grounds, were handsome yet unostentatious. The descendants of Colonel Rochester alone formed a large circle, the family gatherings at Thanksgiving and Christmas numbering nearly fifty persons. Fancy the merry times these young cousins must have had together!

Between Katherine Colman and her elder sister Sophia, a girl of lovely, unselfish character, there existed a very close bond of af-

fection. The separation consequent upon the latter's marriage and removal to Ohio was a sore trial to Katherine, and her grief upon Sophia's death three years later was very great. A visit to this sister during the brief years of her married life, a delightful summer spent with her paternal grandparents in Otsego County, and a few visits "up the valley" seem to have been the most memorable excursions of Katherine's girlhood.

Colonel Fitzhugh and Major Carroll had settled on broad acres in Livingston County, where their children and grandchildren now lived. Many were the occasions of delightful social intercourse between them and the descendants of Colonel Rochester, as also with some of the families of Dansville, — particularly the Endresses and Shepards. Thomas C. Montgomery and Charles Shepard were warm friends, and thus in time it most naturally came about that Mr. Shepard was presented to Mr. Montgomery's cousin, Miss Colman. Mr. Shepard was at this time twenty-seven years of age, tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes and a countenance indicative of strength of character and rectitude of purpose. He soon felt the charm of Miss Colman's personality, and before many months they became engaged to be married. The

wedding took place in St. Luke's Church, Rochester, Wednesday, October 7, 1846.

The wedding journey was an extended one for those days, when traveling must still be done largely by stage-coach. It included trips to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, and was prolonged to Hagerstown and Frederick, Maryland, the former homes of Mrs. Shepard's grandparents. Returning to the old homestead at Dansville, they entered upon the quiet, happy life side by side which continued for over half a century.

Who shall chronicle the joys and sorrows, the achievements and disappointments and successes of fifty years! Mr. and Mrs. Shepard were greatly blessed; but for all, life's pathway is one of checkered light and shade. Of the five children born to them, only three lived to maturity. In the early years of their married life a little daughter was taken from them in infancy; and again, when the shadows were beginning to lengthen, they were called upon to part with their beloved youngest son, Arthur Colman, who died at the age of eighteen, after long months of suffering.

Throughout her married life, Mrs. Shepard was a most notable housekeeper. In her were united, in rarely happy combination, the painstaking thoroughness and conscientious

attention to detail of the New England housewife, with the hospitable disposition, the bountiful generosity, and the capability of wise direction and superintendence which characterize the highest type of Southern housekeeper. Fineness and daintiness were of the very essence of her being. There was not a fibre of the slipshod or temporizing in her nature. No trouble was too great to undergo for the sake of adding to the comfort or happiness of her dear ones.

To all their children, Mr. and Mrs. Shepard gave most excellent educational advantages, no pains being spared to provide them with the mental riches of which no misfortune can rob the possessor. In the priceless heritage of unspeakably precious memories of a father's unswerving integrity and unfailing kindness and generosity and a mother's most tender and unselfish love and devotion, they bestowed a gift of even greater value.

Swiftly the years passed, filled with gladness and sorrow, cares and trials and pleasures, until at last to this couple, still young in heart, came the sad realization that they were growing old. Fifty years of happy wedded life were crowned by the joyous Golden Anniversary of October, 1896, and then the pathway rapidly verged toward the end. Two

years later the old home had been broken up, and Mr. and Mrs. Shepard had gone to Seattle to spend the remainder of life with their sons, from whom they had been widely separated for many years. The time of companionship was short, — far too short it seemed to those who were left behind. To both the end came painlessly, peacefully, after weeks of exhausting illness. The noble calm of the dear father's countenance, the unutterable peace transfiguring the sweet mother's face, spoke eloquently of "the rest that remaineth to the people of God."

As was appropriate, they were buried beside their children in the cemetery at Dansville, overlooking scenes of which they had long been a part.

FROM THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER  
OF MAY 21, 1902

Mrs. Katherine Rochester Shepard, the widow of Charles Shepard, died early yesterday morning at her residence in this city, after a lingering illness which began with an apparently slight paralytic stroke in February last.

A devoted wife and mother, a friend and neighbor whose every act was of kindness,

one who, while wearing serenely the dignity of honorable lineage, was ruled by charity and sympathy the broadest, — all who came within the charm of Mrs. Shepard's sweet and placid spirit, no less than those to whom she was closest and dearest, know that she has fitly entered into the great peace.

FROM THE DANSVILLE ADVERTISER OF  
MAY 29, 1902.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 27, the funeral services of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shepard were held at the old homestead. At one o'clock old friends and neighbors gathered to pay their last tribute of respect and love, the gathering including many representative citizens of Dansville.

As the long procession following the two hearses slowly passed through Main Street, all the business doors were seen to be closed, with curtains drawn down, a silent and impressive token of respect and honor for old and worthy citizens with whose lives the town had been so long identified, and who had done so much to enhance the material, social, and religious prosperity of this community, — an unexpected demonstration that tenderly touched, and was gratefully appreciated by sons and

daughter. In the family lot on an eminence in Greenmount Cemetery, surrounded by sincere mourners, the father and mother were gently lowered to their last resting place, and there they will "softly lie and sweetly sleep" in the ripeness of years, life's work well done. The home coming and the burial were the faithful fulfillment of a promise long ago made to the parents.

“Blessed are they that keep judgment, and he that doeth righteousness at all times.”

“Blessed are the pure in heart :  
for they shall see God.”













